

ROCKY LANE

Starring the shadow black star

WESTERN

100%
HORROR

The *new* *ghost*
**THE GHOST
CITY THAT
CAME
TO LIFE**



gopher face

THE BIG CHANGE!



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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LADY LANE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
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CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MARVEL COMICS • TOM HAWK WESTERN • MONTY HALL WESTERN • INDIANLAND, EASTERN
BOO CANNON WESTERN • LUCKY LUKE • FAWCETT'S MOVIE COMICS • KING KONG WESTERN MAN AGAINST COMICS
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • THE BIFFER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and The Statue Of Devastation

YUH MONT GET IN MY
WAY AGAIN, ROCKY LANE!
I'M GOING TO BLOW YOU
AND THAT STATUE TO
SMITHEREENS!

BOO

AND IN THE CIRQUE-SALON BEHIND
THE VELLO ON THE STATUE, MANY
PEOPLE LIVED, INCLUDING ROCKY.
ARE AT STAKE WHEN THE UNKNOWN
SECRET MARSHAL TRIES TO FIND OUT

ROCKY LANE

ARE YOU SICK THIS
IS THE RIGHT WAY
TO PEACEFUL
VALLEY, CABINER?

SURE! LEAVE IT
TO ME! I'LL GET
YUH ALL TO
OUR NEW
HOMESTEAD
SAFE AND
SOUND!

YUH SURE ARE
A NATURAL
LEADER, CABINER!
FOR A SCULPTOR
YOU'RE A FINE
KIND OF
ACTION!

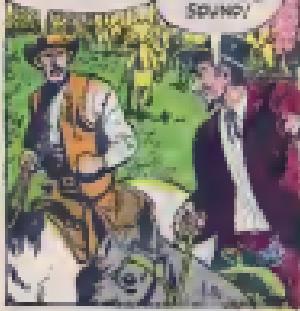
THAT'S RIGHT, YUH'VE
BEEN A GREAT
HELP AND WE'LL
APPRECIATE IT!
WHEN WE GET TO
PEACEFUL VALLEY,
WE'LL NAME THIS OUR
FIRST MOUNTAIN!

THANKS, POLICE!
YOU WOULDN'T BE
A JUSTICE IF YOU
TRUST IN ME!

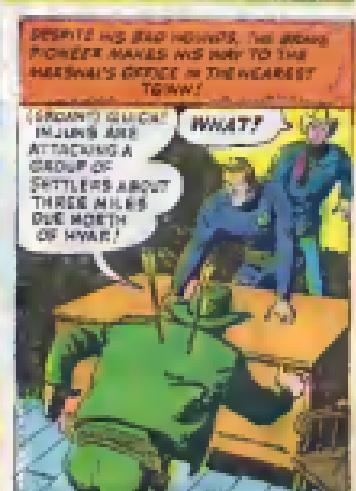
ROCKY'S
LOOKS
INDIAN!

THEY'D
ALL RECORD
US!

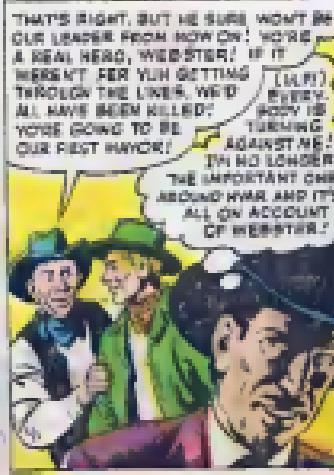
QUIET?
HELP?
SEEK?
WE'LL
ALL BE
KILLED!

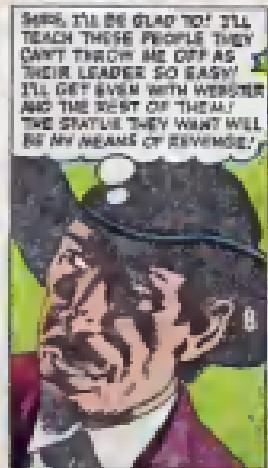
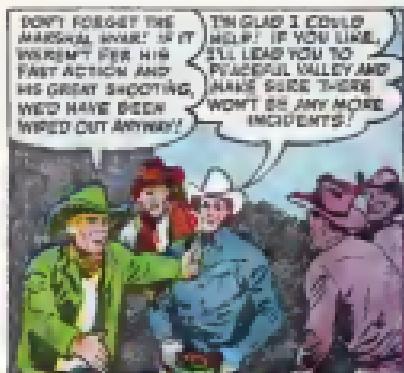


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





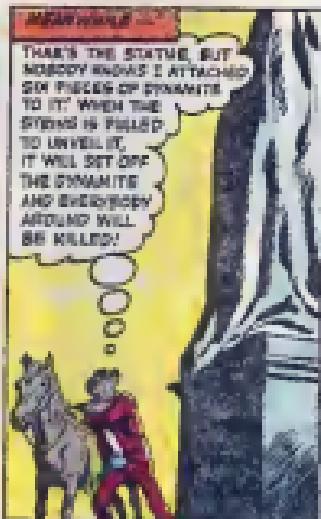
A MONTH LATER...

I GOT A LETTER FROM WEBBIE TELLING ME THEY'RE GOING TO UNVEIL THAT STATUE IN PEACEFUL VALLEY AT MOON TODAY! IT'D BETTER GET THERE NOW IF I WANT TO GET THERE ON TIME!



ROCKY LANE...

THAT'S THE STATUE, BUT NOBODY KNOWS I ATTACHED SIX POUNDS OF DYNAMITE TO IT! WHEN THE STATUE IS UNVEILED, IT WILL SET OFF THE DYNAMITE AND EVERYBODY AROUND WILL BE KILLED!



NOW I'M GOING TO VANISH! I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN IT EXPLODES OR I'LL BE KILLED, TOO!



BUT AS THE DILLEROUS CROWD RACES AWAY FROM PEACEFUL VALLEY...

THAT'S ROCKY LANE! IF HE SEES ME RIDING AWAY ON THE DAY OF THE CELEBRATION, HE'S LIKELY TO GET SUSPICIOUS! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!



ROCKY, CATCH ME, WHERE ARE YOU? ER, SURE, HEARING! SURELY YOU'RE GOING ROCKY! I WISH TO BE ON HAMP FOR THE TRYING OUT UNVEILING OF YOUR OWN STATUE!

TRYING OUT YOUR OWN STATUE! THIS NEW MOUNT! I'LL TURN AROUND AND GO BACK WITH YAH!



BUT AS HE TURNED TO FOLLOW ROCKY...

UHHH! I'M NOT GOING BACK! I AIM TO GET AS FAR FROM HERE AS POSSIBLE!

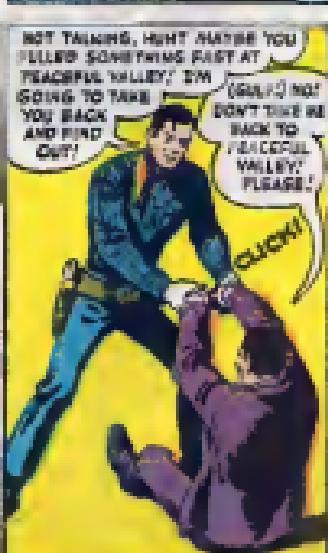
COOK!



BUT ROCKY WAS ONLY SHAKED...

(GODAM!) WHAT THE CAVVER CONKED ME AND HIS RICHO AWAY!







DEE DICKENS

THE
TOUGH
HOMBRE

CHUCH!

GULP!

HUH? WHAT'S
WRONG?



HWAR COMES, TONIGHT,
THE ROUGHEST HOMBRE
IN TOWN!

THAT'S RIGHT! HE
BULLIES EVERYONE
AROUND HWAR!



HELLO, SMALL FRY! GO
OVER AND GET ME A PLIE
OF TOBACCO!

SEE, TONIGHT,
WHY DON'T YEH
GO YERSELF? I'M
NOT YORE SLAVE!



(GULP!) WHAT? DON'T
GIVE ME ANY BACH TALK OR
I'LL RHOKE YORE BACK TEETH
DOWN THE BACK OF
YORE THROAT!

GULP!

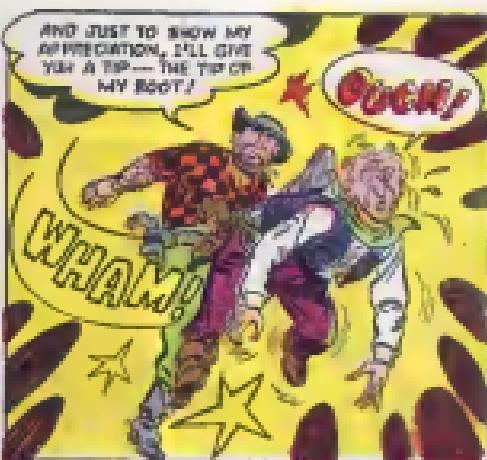
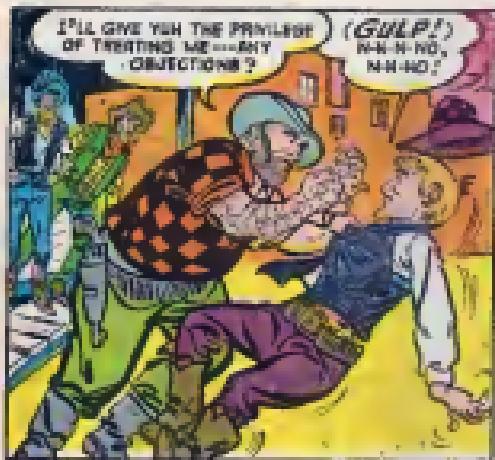


NOW GET ME THAT
PLIE OF TOBACCO
RONTI!

SURE, SURE!
HOW ABOUT THE
MONEY?

GENERAL
STORE





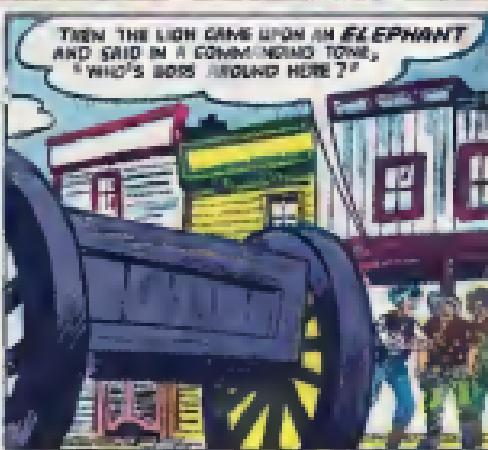
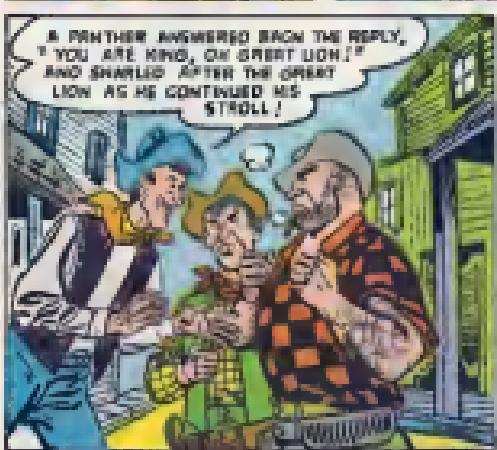
THE ANIMALS WERE ALWAYS
DEPRED WITH THE LION ASKED
THEM THAT QUESTION AND
THEY MADE SURE THEY
ANSWERED THAT

HE WAS!

I DON'T
SAVET WHAT
YOU'RE TELLING
THIS YARN!

YEH WILL WHEN I FINISH! WELL,
AS I WAS SAYING, ONE DAY WHILE
STRETCHING AROUND, THIS BIG-
MOUTHED LION CAME ACROSS
A MONKEY AND HE ASKED
HIM WHO YEH KING?

THE MONKEY REPLIED TO THE
QUESTION, "OH GREAT LION, YOU
ARE THE EXALTED RULER OF THE
ENTIRE JUNGLE!" AND
SCAMPERED AWAY AS
FAST AS HE COULD!



YEH! THE LION GOT TO HIS FEET AND WHILE LICKING HIS BRUISES AND WOUNDS SAID, "SINCE YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SO ROUGH ABOUT IT!"



JUST WHAT DO YEH MEAN BY THAT YEH?

I THOUGHT IT WAS OBVIOUS... DON'T GO AROUND SAYING "GO AROUND YEH" OR YEH'LL GET WHAT THE LION GOT!



OH YEH? I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO PROVE TO YEH I'M AROUND YEH!

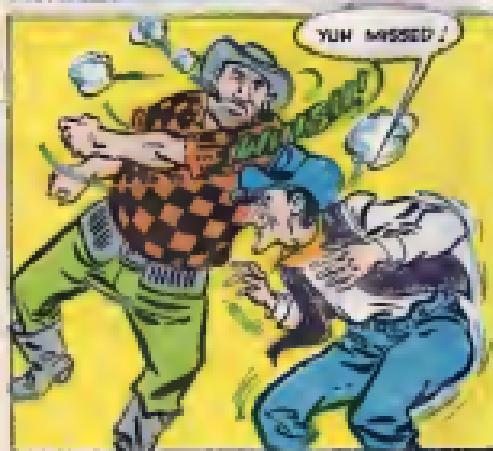
GO AHEAD AND TRY!



YEH MISSED!

BUT I DIDN'T!

OOP!



I'M GOING TO KNOCK YEH OFF YOUR THRONE, YEH BIG-MOUTHED DRAGGART!



HOOEE THIS WILL TEACH YEH THAT YEH'RE NO LONGER KING AROUND YEH!



YEH HOMIES WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YEH BULLY ANY MORE!

HOORAY FOR DII DICKENS!

HOORAY!

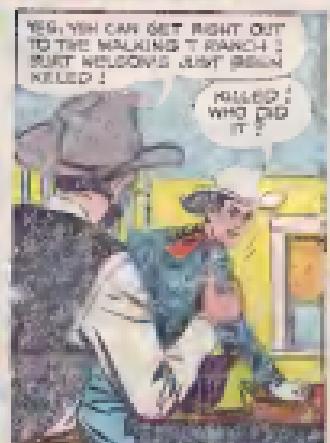
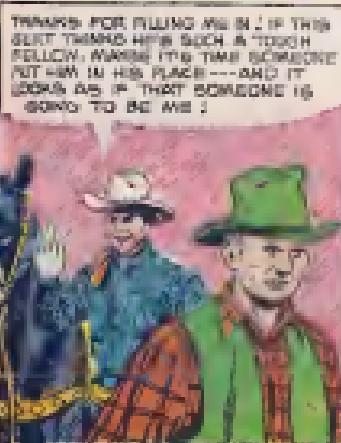


REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in **THE FRAME-UP**





I DON'T KNOW. I WAS IN MY ROOM WHEN I HEARD A SHOT. I RAN DOWNSTAIRS AND I SAW BURT'S BODY BEING DRAGGED INTO THE CELLAR. BUT I COULDN'T SEE WHO WAS DRAGGING HIM!

DIDN'T YOU EVEN TAKE A LOOK TO SEE WHO WAS DRAGGING HIM?

NO! ANYONE WHO WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO KILL BURT WOULDN'T WAIT TO SHOOT ME UP. I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH. I FIGURED THE BEST THING TO DO WAS TO LEAVE HIM AND REPORT THE MURDER!

I RECKON YOU DID THE RIGHT THING! I'LL RIDE RIGHT OUT TO THE WALKING T SPURRAG. YOU CAN WAIT HERE FOR THE SHERIFF!



DIRECTLY AFTER...

THIS IS THE WALKING T! IT'S SO DARK AND QUIET. IT LOOKS LIKE THE PERFECT SPOT FOR A MURDER!



I RECKON HAWKEY LEFT THE DOOR OPEN WHEN HE RODE OFF TO GET THE SHERIFF. I THREW BURST'S BODY IN THE BARN! BEFORER I WAKE UP THE OTHERS, IT USED TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE BODY IN THIS CELLAR. I THERE MAY BE SOME CLUES!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT THE DEAD BODY!



BIT AT THAT SECOND...

THE GOT HIM COVERED, ALICE! YOU TAKE HIS GUN!



THAT WAS A PRETTY SADISTIC WAY TO GET EVEN WITH BURT—TO COME IN DURING THE NIGHT AND SHOOT HIM!



SHOOT HIM? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU KNEW HAWKEY, CAN TELL YOU HOW COME I HAD TO BE HERE NOW!

HARVEY? WHY, HE JUST SENT HIM
FOR THE SHERIFF!

THE BEST
THING YOU CAN
DO IS TO KEEP
YOUR HANDS
IN THE AIR
UNTIL HE
GETS ME
WITH THE
SHERIFF...

SOMETHING
FAMILIAR IS
GOING ON!
BET I GUESS
THE BEST
THING I CAN
DO IS TO WAIT
UNTIL THE
SHERIFF GETS
HERE!

SHOOTIN' APACHE...

I SEE YAH
CAUGHT THE
KILLER!

ROCKY LANE
JUST
WANT TO
KNOW
WHAT IS
GOING ON?

THAT'S
WHAT
I'D
LIKE
TO
KNOW,
SHERIFF!

I WAS SITTIN'
IN THE JAILHOUSE
WAITIN' FOR YOU
TO GET BACK.
SHERIFF, WHEN
HARVEY CAME
IN AND SAID
THAT SOMEBODY
HAD KILLED BURT
WILSON, SO I
RODE OUT HERE!

THAT'S A LIE!
THE THREE OF US
WERE PLANNIN'
CARDS WHEN ROCKY
LANE RODE IN HERE
TO SETTLE HIS
ARGUMENT WITH
BURT!

THAT'S THE TRUTH,
SHERIFF. WE ALL
SAW BURT AND
ROCK GO INTO
THE CELLAR TO
BATTLE IT OUT;
AND THE NEXT
THING WE HEARD
WAS GUNFIRE!

FEARING THE
WORST WE SENT
HARVEY TO GET
YEH, SHERIFF.
MEANWHILE, ALICE
AND I CAME DOWN
HERE TO SEE IF WE
COULD CAPTURE
THE KILLER!

I UNDERSTAND NOW;
THIS WHOLE THING HAD
BEEN VERY CAREFULLY
PLANNED! THESE
DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THE FACT THAT
I SAID I WAS COMIN' OUT
HERE TO SETTLE MY ARGU-
MENT WITH BURT; THEY
KILLED HIM AND ARE TRY-
IN' TO FINN THE PUNISHER
ON ME! THEY EVEN HEARD
ME SAY THAT THE SHERIFF
WOULDN'T BE BACK UNTIL
MIDNIGHT, WHICH IS WHY
HARVEY ARRIVED AT 1:30!

THEY HAD TIME TO TRAP ME DOWN
HERE WITH THE DEAD BODY AND ALSO
NO WAY FOR ME TO PROVE THAT IT WAS
HARVEY WHO SENT ME OUT HERE!

HELL, WHAT ARE YEH
WAITIN' FOR, SHERIFF?
LOCK ME UP! I YER'VE
GOT THREE WITNESSES!

I HATE TO DO THIS, ROCKY,
BUT I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!
LET'S GO!

I DON'T HAVE
TO TELL YOU,
ROCKY; IF YOU
INNOCENT THE
COURT WILL
FREE YOU!

I KNOW, SHERIFF,
BUT IN THE
MEANWHILE, THE
SILL KILLERS
WILL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME TO GET
AWAY!

BUT AS THEY RODE BACK TOWARD
THE JAILHOUSE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

UNLOCKING THE MANACLES,
ROCKY! YOU DON'T REALLY THINK
I WOULD TURN IN MY TRAITOR
DO YOU? THE ONLY REASON I
PLAYED ALONG WAS TO GIVE YEH
A CHANCE TO GET THEM OUT!

GUARD!

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT TWO COMMITTED THE MURDERS, SO THEY COULD'VE BEEN KIDS OR THE DOMINATING BURT, BUT THE PROBLEM IS TO PROVE IT AND SINCE IT'S YOUR BROTH THAT'S INVOLVED, I FIGURED TO LET YOU DO THE PROVING!

THANKS, SHERIFF!



COME ON, BLACK JACK! NEVER GOING BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN TROUCH! AND THIS TIME I HOPE WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



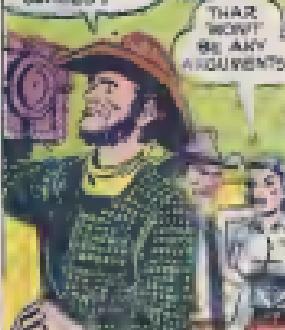
SHORTLY AFTER...

EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST AS WE PLANNED! NOW HOW ABOUT OPENING UP THE BAND, AND PRENDING ALL THESE JEWELS?

THAT BERMOS-LIKE A GREAT IDEA!



UP TO NOW WE SLAMED ALL OUR ARGUMENTS ON BURT; I HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY ARGUMENTS ON HOW TO DIVIDE UP THOSE JEWELS!



...SINCE I INTEND TO TAKE THEM ALL!



I THINK DIFFERENTLY! DON'T FORGET THE WHOLE THING WAS YOUR IDEA, HARVEY! AND WHEN ACTUALLY DO THE MURDERS? SO IF YOU TRY TO STOP ME, I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF EVERYTHING!

IT'S TOO LATE TO EVEN PRAYED! THAT'S TRUE NOW I DANCE YEH DON'T SPEAK OF WHEN THE SHERIFF WAS HERE BEFORE, HE'LL KNOW MORE JEST AS FOLLOWS IN BURT'S MURDERS AS WE ARE!



DON'T FORGET I'M A GUN. ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS SAY I WANTED NO PART OF THE DRAIL, BUT THAT YEH THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I TALKED!



I'M AFRAID SHE'S GOT US OVER A HORNPIPE, AND I'S RECKON WE'D BETTER JUST LET HER TAKE THOSE JEWELS AND BURT. IT'LL STILL HAVE THE RANCH BETWEEN US!

I HEARD ALL I NEED TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE, BUT THE PROBLEM IS HOW TO CATCH THEM - I CAN'T HIT A WOMAN EVER IF SHE IS AN OUT-LAW. IT WOULDN'T STOP HER FROM INTERFERING. WHEN I TRIED TO CAPTURE THE OTHER TWO, I'VE GOT TO GET THEM ALL AT ONCE, BUT HOW? - WAIT! I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



WHEN I FIRE MY SKO-
SHOOTER, BLACK JACK,
YOU RUN OFF!



SO LONG, SICKENS
- (SHUT IT DOWN!) -
ONE SHOT MY GUN
AWAY...



NEVER MIND
ALICE; I WHOEVER
SHOT THAT
GIRL AWAY
HEARD EVERY
THING WE
SAID; IF
WE DON'T
CATCH HIM,
HE'LL ALL
HANG FOR
BUT IT'S
MURDER,
AND IT
SOUNDS AS
IF HE'S
RIDING OFF
COME ON!

BUT AS THE TWO PUT THEIR HEADS
OUT THE WINDOW?

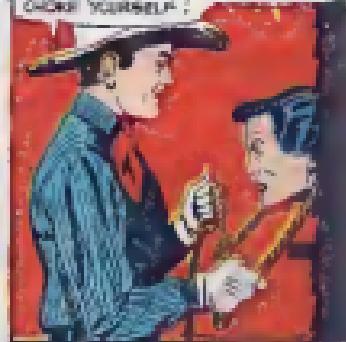
TWO WILL HOLD YOU WHERE I
WANT YOU FOR THE MOMENT!



THIS WILL TAKE
CARE OF THEM
AND HARVEY...

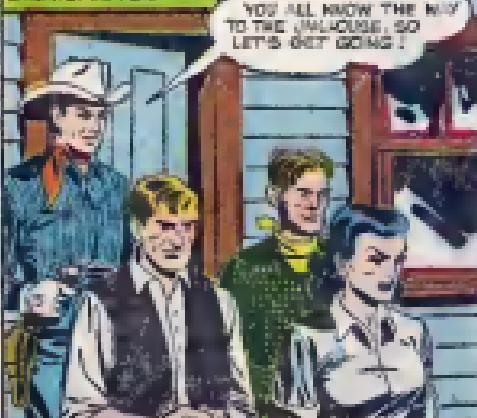


...AND THIS ROPES AROUND YOUR
NECK, ALICE, SHOULD TAKE CARE OF
YOU TOO! IF YOU TRY TO RUN OFF
BEFORE I GET HARDEGERS ON YOU
AND THE OTHER TWO, YOU'LL JUST
CHOKED YOURSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER...

YOU ALL KNOW THE WAY
TO THE JAILHOUSE, SO
LET'S GET GOING!



BUT...

I KNOW THIS
IS ONE CASE
YOU GOT DOUBLE
SATISFACTION IN
SOMETHIN' ROCKY! IT'S
NOT ONLY GONNA DO
COST THE MURDERERS
THEIR HEADS, BUT IT
SAVES YOUNG!

YOU SAID IT, SHERIFF!
JUSTICE ALWAYS
TRUMPS!



ROPPIN' N' RIDIN'

with

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

AND BLACK JACK

Honest, Partners:

Most hands around here are sort of plumb tuckered out this week. We spent a good part of last week fighting a forest fire! Unless you've ever seen a forest fire you really have no idea what it's like. The flames sweep in like a tornado, consuming the finest and strongest trees like kindling wood! You fight the flames with sand and water, and by digging deep trenches wide enough to stop the fire from leaping across to other trees.

Yes, friends, a forest fire is one of the most destructive things known to man, and the strange thing is that man usually starts one! Careless men, that is! Every cowhand who knows what a spur is knows to take care with his campfire and not to throw lighted matches or cigarettes in even the greenest of woods. Even a lawbreaker who leaves his campfire to run from a posse will take time to put out his fire, because he knows that to do otherwise would be like kicking himself around the corral! That's right, partners... a forest fire is a loss to every one of us, for it destroys much needed trees, burns out the ground itself and upsets the balance of nature.

All this, of course, is even more likely to happen in the late fall when the leaves and trees are dry. That's when every hand is more careful than ever when he's in the woods. So do you the same, friends, whenever you're out in the woods. Prevent forest fires and you'll be doing a real service for America.

I'll be seeing you all again next month, partners.

Till then, we are
Your pals,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

and Black Jack U





DOCTOR OF LAW

By Daniel Sheldon

THE SOUND of approaching hoofbeats sent the dozen men squatting around the fire scampering for cover. Each of them grasped his gun as the sound came even nearer. A lone rider appeared. He looked at the smouldering fire and yelled, "Blue and green." That was the password. The men who had taken cover slapped their guns back into their holsters and stepped out onto the open.

"That you, Andy?" one of them called out. "Yeah," the rider replied as he dismounted. "What's the idea of the ambush?"

"You fool," shouted a tall man with a black mustache and narrow, slit-like eyes. "You were supposed to be back here two hours ago. I ought to blast your brains out for staying away this long. Where have you been?"

The rider lowered before the tall man's words. "I was in town scouting the bank like you told me to do, Blackie," he replied.

"What did you find out?"

"Everything looks okay. But there are plenty of wanted signs around for you and the gang. They've got your picture on all of 'em. Also I heard that a new marshal has been appointed. They say he's a crack shot and seems to have his way around here."

"I've met rough law officers before," Blackie said with a sneer, "and every one of them is six feet under with a lump of lead in him."

There was a murmur of acknowledgment from the gang.

"Okay, boys," Blackie said, "read up and get set to go. We're riding into town this afternoon for a little bank transaction."

Later that day, Blackie and his men separated and slipped into town from different directions. Except for the tinkle of a piano and occasional shouts and laughs from the Junction Saloon, the town was quiet. It was the dinner hour. Riding down the empty streets, the gang converged on the bank.

"Take cover on both sides of the street," Blackie commanded. "We've got to set off a blast and that's sure to bring someone running."

His men obeyed silently. In a few minutes, they had disappeared into the shadows of

buildings around the bank. Blackie and two men huddled around the entrance. "All set?" he asked the man who handled the explosives.

"Yeah, boss. Duck around the corner after I light the fuse."

There was a shower of sparks and the three dashed for cover. A small blast blew open the door, scattering debris around the street.

"C'mon," Blackie shouted, "let's go." They dashed inside the bank and quickly set a package of dynamite around the vault's massive door. A tremendous explosion ripped off its hinges and in a moment Blackie and the two men were busily stuffing bundles of bank notes into sacks.

"Harry," Blackie urged, "that blast probably woke up the whole town." An exchange of shots was heard outside. "We'll have to fight," Blackie snarled. "Let's not take it all. It'll weigh us down."

They dashed outside the building to find a hot gun battle in progress. A gang of men from the saloon had been attracted by the first blast and was blasting away at Blackie's men.

"Let's clear out," Blackie shouted above the din. Clouds of gun smoke, shouts, and groans from wounded men filled the air. "Clear out," he shouted again. His men began to emerge from the shadows, firing as they mounted their horses.

Blackie jammed his spurs into his horse. "Let's go," he commanded.

The remnants of the gang dashed after him with a hail of bullets pursuing them down the dusty road. Blackie glanced back to see a lone horseman thundering after the gang. "Make for the hide-out," he yelled. The single pursuer rode after them, oblivious of the shots that were showered at him. "Forget him," Blackie shouted. "We can't waste a second." Suddenly, a hot sting tore through his back. "I'm hit," he yelled feebly.

Two of his men drew their horses alongside and supported him in the saddle. The lone horseman had dropped out of sight. "Let's head for the hide-out, boys," one of them

called. With Blackie propped up by riders on each side, the gang rode into the hills and took refuge in their well-stocked rocky hide-out.

Blackie came to and looked up at the men who were standing around him. "Get me a doctor," he groaned.

"We can't, Blackie," one of them said. "It's too hot to go into town."

"I'll die if you don't get me a doc," he gasped. Blood was seeping through the bandage on his back. "Go to the county hospital. They've got a doc there at night. Make him come." Sweat covered his brow, but his mind still functioned perfectly. "Bring the doc here by a roundabout way. Send men to watch that you ain't followed. Hurry."

The men went into a huddle.

"What should we do?" a short, unshaved man asked.

"Better get the doc," another replied. "We'll send three men to snatch him from the hospital and the rest of us will cover the way to make sure no one follows him here."

"You think it's safe?"

"If we don't get a doc and he pulls through, he'll make it hotter for us than all the posse in the West. Let's go."

Three riders were dispatched to the county hospital with instructions to force a doctor to come to tend Blackie's wound. The rest of the gang secured themselves around the hide-out to fight off a possible pursuit of the kidnapped doctor. Several hours after the three men left for the hospital, a lookout announced riders.

It was the group returning from its mission with obvious success. A fourth man, carrying a small black satchel and showing a look of fright on his face, was riding with them. A rifle was leveled at his back.

"You the doctor?" he was asked.

"That's right," he replied in a worried voice. "What do you gunmen want with me? This is an outrage!"

"Shut up," he was told. "We've got a patient for you. Fix him up fast or we'll blow your head open!"

The doctor was told to dismount and was led into the room where Blackie lay groaning.

"That's the patient. Take good care of him."

The entire gang crowded into the chamber.

"He's badly shot up," the doctor said gravely. "I'll have to do something for him fast." He leaned over and opened his satchel. The gang carefully followed every move he made. "It's a bad wound," he said, shaking his head as he fumbled in his satchel. Suddenly, he wheeled around, a gleaming six-shooter cocked in his hand for instant action.

"Hands up," he shouted. A man reached for his gun and the doctor fired, sending his would-be assailant slumping to the ground. "Hands up, I told you," he shouted. Reluctantly they put their hands up and backed against the wall. "Now drop your guns on the ground one at a time." They obeyed under his menacing gun.

"I'm the new marshal in this area," he shouted. "and you're all under arrest."

"Impossible," one of the men muttered. "You were on duty at the hospital as a doctor."

"So I was," the marshal said. "But it was just part of a plan to trap this gang."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm a pretty good shot," he replied. "In fact, I'm so good that I hold an Army marksman record. I can hit a man anywhere I want to from a galloping horse at two hundred yards."

Blackie groaned and uttered feebly, "Did you shoot me?"

"That's right," the marshal said. "I purposely winged you to let you escape. But I knew you'd need a doctor sooner or later, and I knew that the only place to get a doctor around here was the county hospital. I persuaded them to let me pretend to be a doctor and when I saw your three gunmen show up I knew I had followed the right bunch."

WANTED to clean up this whole gang in one blow and I've done it. Too bad for you, you staged a holdup when I happened to be visiting in town!"

The men marched out of the room and lined up awaiting the marshal's commands. "Fine doctor you got," one of them muttered.

The marshal overheard. "Well, I am a doctor in a sense," he laughed, "a doctor of the law!"

EXPERIENCED!

HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A JOB
IN YOUR SHOW, MISTER? I'M A
VERY GOOD ACTOR!

YOU ARE,
EH?

HAVE YOU HAD
ANY STAGE
EXPERIENCE?

ER, ER,
SURE...

...MY ARM WAS IN
A CAST ONCE!

OPERA
TODAY'S PRODUCTION



!!!
POP



MEET WITH ROBERT'S FAMOUS COMIC...

MONTE HALE

DOWN THE DANGEROUS,
BLOODY PATH OF THE ADVENTUROUS
WESTERN TRAIL!



IT HAS A
PUNCH
TO EVERY PAGE!

10¢

ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSPAPER
BOOTH EVERY MORNING

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULA-
TION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF
COMMERCE OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF
MARCH 3, 1913, AND JULY 2, 1914
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ROBERT FREDERIC,
Business Manager
BORN IN NEW YORK, 1880
DIED IN NEW YORK, 1913
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
LAST TESTAMENT, APRIL 1, 1913

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

**The Ghost City That
Came To Life**

ON CO.



WHERE'S EVERYBODY RUSHING
TO GET? THEY'RE IN SUCH A
HURRY, NURSDAY WILL EVER STOP
TO ANSWER MY QUESTION?

GOLF HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED AGAIN
IN THOMPSON
HILLS!

CHIEF
MAGNUS'S
OFFICE



THOMPSON
HILLS! — YOU
MEAN THAT
OUR GHOST
TOWN?

THAT'S EIGHT, ROCKY! AND
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
THE MOMENT WORDS OF A
GOLF STRIKE GETS OUT! NOT
ONLY EVERY FRESHFACED
HEADS IN THAT DIRECTION,
BUT ALSO EVERY WICKED
AROUSED TO MAKE AN
EASY DOLLAR!

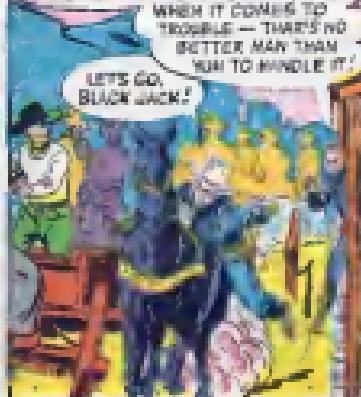


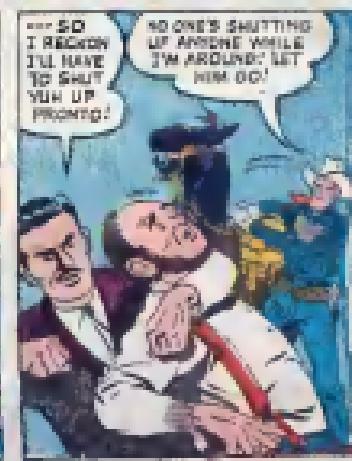
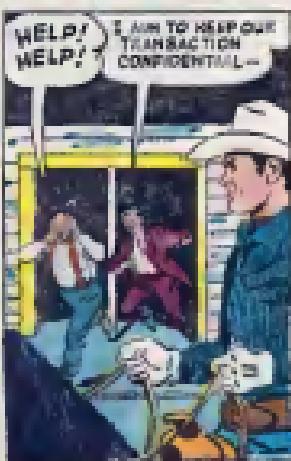
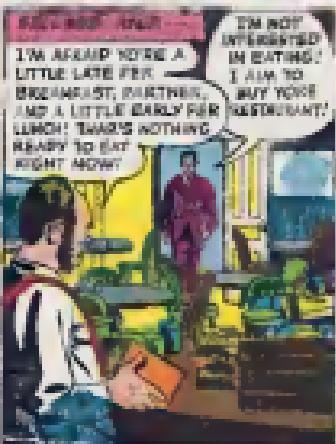
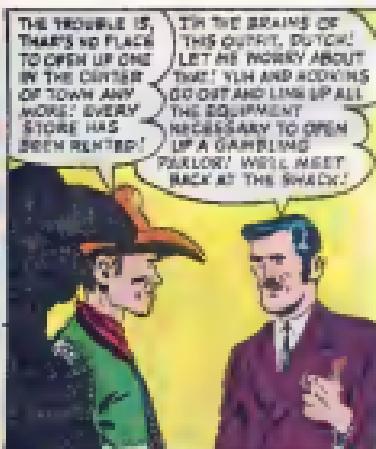
IN FACT, I THINK IT WOULD
BE A GOOD IDEA, ROCKY, IF
YOU WERE TO STEP OUT
THAT AMP KEEF ORDER —
UNTIL THE NEW RESIDENTS
OF THOMPSON HILLS CAN
ORGANIZE THEMSELVES WELL
ENOUGH TO ELECT THEIR
OWN SHERIFF.

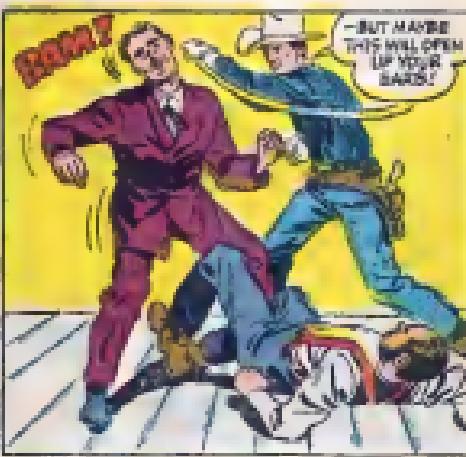


I KNOW YOU'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO
SOME KIND OF TROUBLE, ROCKY, BUT
WHEN IT COMES TO
TROUBLE — THERE'S NO
BETTER MAN THAN
YOU TO HANDLE IT!

LET'S GO,
BLACK JACK!



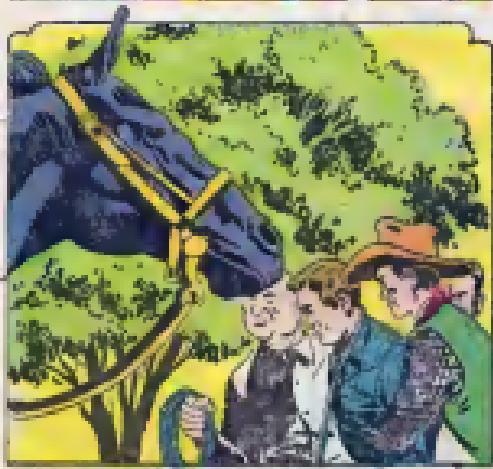




NEVER MIND THAT: THE BEST PLACE TO OPEN UP A GAMBLING CASINO IN TOWN IS WHERE THAT VAGABOND, HARRIS, IS RUNNING HIS RESTAURANT! IF WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT SHOT, WELL JUST HAVE TO DRIVE HIM OUT OF BUSINESS!







I RECKON THEY'RE HAVING A HARD TIME TRYING TO FIND US HERE!

OKAY, BLACK JACK! LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN RIP THESE PAPER WITH YOUR TEETH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GREAT WORK, BLACK JACK! HOW 'BOUT READY TO TACKLE THAT TECO AGAIN? AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO MEET UP WITH THEM! WE'RE HEADING BACK FROM WHERE WE CAME!

MEANWHILE—

IT'S NO USE, MAM, WE'RE GIVEN US THE SLIP! WE BETTER GO BACK TO THE BEACH, COLLECT OUR BELONGINGS, AND BEAT IT OUT OF HYDE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE BECAUSE I

REMEMBER BY TONIGHT THIS TOWN WILL BE FILLED WITH LAW-MEN!

BUT AS THE TECO ENTERS THE SALOON—

[SALOON] IT'S TECO! THE MARSHALL! I NEVER THOUGHT HERD HAD THE NERVE TO COME BACK HERE!

IT DOESN'T TAKE HERD TO TRAP A BUNCH OF RATS! NOW PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND TURN AROUND!

NOW START WATCHING TOWARD TOWN! THE THREE OF YOU ARE GOING TO JAIL AND IT WON'T BE FOR ANYTHING MINOR LIKE PESTERING THE PEACE OFFICER!

—BUTTER! —SUNDER AND ATTEMPTED MURDER CARRY A NICE LONG SENTENCE WITH THEM!

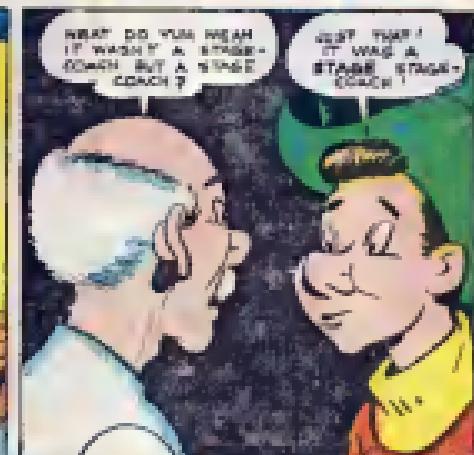
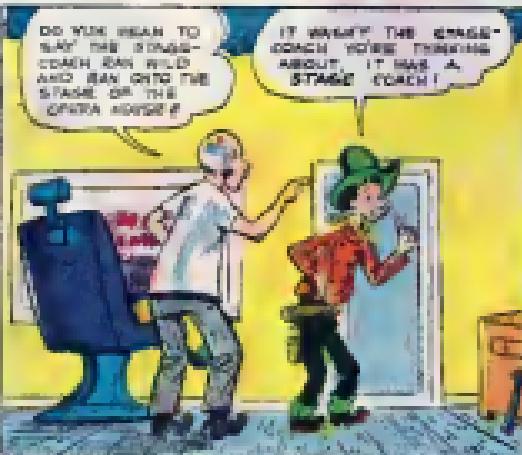
THAT'S TO YOU, ROCKY, MY HERDAMENT BUSINESS IS SAVED!

I'M HAPPY TO HEAR THAT, MARSHAL. BUT I'M ALSO HAPPY THAT GERALD NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO OPEN A GAMBLING CASINO, AND SO THE REST OF THE TOWN IS SAFE, TOO!

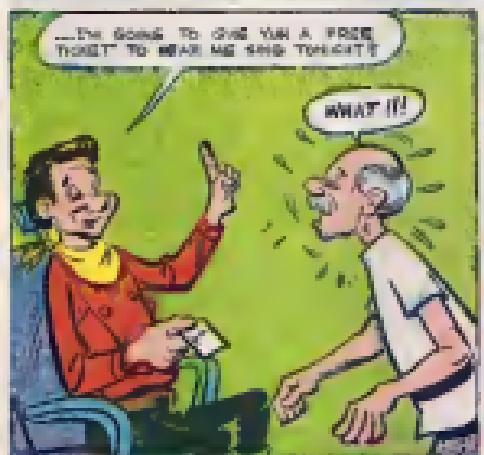
FIZZY

in BARBER SHOP BLUES!









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